

Brown. Then—then Dick would have no excuse for withholding her freedom. As for Polly, why, Grandmother Featherston had undoubtedly weaned the baby away from her mother.

Paula's heart hardened, and she laughed unpleasantly. The Featherstons were all that way—proud and stiff-necked and conventional to a fault. She could safely say that there was no ache in her heart for any one—Dick, baby Polly or any one!

She walked defiantly to the mirror and, removing her hat, looked closely at her fair face. She was as lovely as ever. The two years of strain and worry had not marred her beauty. She must keep herself lovely for Denis' sake. Denis was an artist, a dreamer, a lover of beauty, and if she had disappointed Dick, who was not a beauty worshiper, she must not fail to hold Denis' love forever.

A little terror took possession of her for the moment, but she shrugged impatiently and turned away from the glass.

Denis was to meet her at the end of the road, and they were to go in his car to Boston. She had wanted this hour to herself before she left Seaways forever.

Gently she closed the door and went toward the stairs. Halfway down the flight she stopped short.

From somewhere in the house came the smell of burning wood—it was cedar, perhaps driftwood—but, no; it couldn't be that. She was quite alone in the house.

It was merely her fancy. Something in the hour had brought back the past too vividly. How many times she had come down the stairs at twilight sensing that same pungent odor from the hearth fire in the library!

She must visit the library too. She wanted that dear picture of Polly from Dick's desk. He could have as many more taken as he chose, she thought bitterly, and he would have Polly too. Of course the Featherstons would teach Polly to despise her mother. But she must hasten; Denis would be waiting.

She turned the knob of the library door and entered.

Before the warm coziness of the room she stood in dazed wonderment. There was a great, roaring fire of driftwood on the hearth, and somewhere a gnarled bit of cedar was sending out fragrant blue smoke.

A red shaded lamp illuminated the room softly.

Dick was writing at his desk, something big and splashing, in his dashing way.

Curled among the cushions on the settee was Polly, fast asleep.

A low table was drawn close to the fire, and on it were a singing kettle and some clumsily arranged tiny cups and saucers. Paula recognized them as Polly's cherished toys. There were other things—a pot of jam and some stale looking sweet biscuits. They might have been hurriedly rummaged from the chimney cupboard.

Paula saw these things in one swift glance. She also saw Dick's broad back as he bent over the desk. He did not turn his head at her entrance.

"I must go!" she told herself in wild alarm, but still she stood there, afraid to move.

Dick did not turn his head, but presently he spoke, carelessly:

"We've been waiting ages for you, dear. The kettle's boiling over. I've promised Polly that she shall pour the tea."

Paula leaned against the door and closed her eyes.

"Coming, Paula?" asked Dick after awhile.

She came forward and, resting her hands for support on the desk, leaned toward him.

"I—came here tonight—to—to—saw away with Denis Brown!" she said.

"Yes?"

"Well, you cannot want me to pour tea for you now?" she laughed bitterly.

"Polly is to pour tea," he reminded her gently. "Besides, you will want to say goodby to her."

"Ah!" she cried sharply. "You are cruel."

He was silent. His pen ceased to write, and she knew that he was staring into the fire.

He must have suffered. His dark hair was almost white.

Polly stirred, opened her eyes, yawned like a white kitten and stared at her mother with unbelieving joy.

"Oh, mummy, mummy!" she shrieked at last, and, tumbling off the settee, she came to Paula's outstretched arms. For a long time Paula held her there, feeling her numbed heart slowly melting under the touch of the warm little body. Baby kisses smothered her face and throat, and little baby chuckles of endearment fell on her hungry ears.

At last Paula lifted wet eyes and looked straight at her husband. "I came after some letters of mine," she said honestly. "I must go now. This is the end."

Dick arose and went to the hearth fire. He stood there with an arm on the mantelpiece, his grave eyes searching her face.

"I'm sorry to spoil your plans, Paula," he said slowly, "but I can't allow any man to run away with my wife, you know. You've had a year or two of freedom, and when I heard—oh, well, he talked a little at the club about this, Polly, and I came down to stop it. I met Denis at the end of the road. I came around the other way by motor, and I thrashed him and sent him home."

A glad look came into Paula's face. "Dick!" she said softly, and she knew then that the hearth fire had never been dead. Something had blown the embers into the warm flame of love again.

"Come and make the tea, mummy," pleaded Polly.

Special to Farmers

The University of Vermont and State Agricultural College will have an agricultural exhibit in Floral Hall, as will also the Vermont Forestry department, the Orleans County Agricultural Association and the commissioner of insect suppression of the state. All of these exhibits will be of especial value and interest.

You'll profit by these Exhibits

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON

Orleans County Fair

—AT—

Famous Roaring Brook Park, Barton, Vt.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

August 22, 23, 24

Special Exhibits

Space has been set aside for the display of various makes of automobiles until there is bound to be a virtual Automobile show. The Orleans high school will have an exhibit of its work in agriculture and the manual training and domestic science classes of Barton Academy and Graded School will have an exhibit of woodworking and sewing.

Bring a Smile

This is the People's Fair; the grounds being owned by several hundred Orleans County People. Its success is dependent upon your patronage. Its officers are your servants. They have provided a program offering Baseball Games, Exciting Horse Races, Big Line Stock Shows, High-Class Vaudeville, Fine Band Music, Balloon Sensation, Floral Hall Exhibit, and give every ground accommodation for 35 cts. Where do you get so much for your money?

TUESDAY is preparation day. Entries will be taken up to 12 o'clock, noon. Judging will begin at 1 o'clock in all departments. No admission is charged on Tuesday.

Bring in your really good stock and crops and help us get ready for the two following big days. What you have usually had in three days crowded into two.

WEDNESDAY

Gates Open at 7 o'clock

Barton Band in Attendance

Ball Game at 10 o'clock

NORTH TROY

VERSUS

LYNDONVILLE

Cavalcade of Premium Stock

at 1 o'clock sharp

Races, 3 in number

Begin at 2 o'clock

Vaudeville of Extra High Order on Stage

Balloon Ascension

with several parachute drops in various colored parachutes

Sensational Ballooning Both Days



Most beautiful and daring acts ever seen in Orleans County

RACES

A field of horses numbering nearly 60 different racers has entered which assures large races and sharp contests.

Wednesday Races			Thursday Races		
3:00 trot or pace.	2:21 pace.	2:17 pace.	2:25 pace.	2:22 trot.	2:13 pace.

One Special Train will be operated by the Boston & Maine R. R. Wednesday, August 23, from St. Johnsbury to Barton.

Leave St. Johnsbury 8:05 a. m.
Arrive Barton 9:20 a. m.
Returning Leave Barton 6:00 p. m.

THURSDAY

The last day but not the least

Orleans Band in Attendance

Ball Game at 10 o'clock

is between

North Troy and Irasburg

Cavalcade at 1 o'clock sharp

Baby Contest Judging

at 1.30 o'clock

and awarding of \$10, \$5 and \$2.50 gold prizes

3 More Races to-day

Another and more daring balloon ascension and different parachute thrill.

Single Adult Admission 35 cts.

Children under 12 yrs. 15 cts.

Teams and Autos 35 cts.

Gate return check given after 11 a. m.

PARKING

Space for parking autos inside the oval is 50 cents, for teams 25 cents. There is much free parking space for teams and autos outside the oval.

SEATS

on the grandstand are 25 cents and reserved seats are 25 cents additional. Reservation may be made by letter or telephone to F. A. Hunt, Barton.

Come Wednesday. You'll like it so well you will come again Thursday, and bring your friends.

C. E. HAMBLET, Secretary

Reduced Rate Tickets will be placed on sale at all R. R. stations as usual. Tickets good going August 22nd to 24th inclusive.